

Time Bubble

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Time Bubble

by [CherryChestnut](#)

Summary

Tubbo lives in a valley where people don't age.

He's been sixteen for centuries.

Sometimes people will come and stay for a short time, but they all leave eventually.

It's lonely.

Until one day, a loud blonde boy decides to stay.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Tubbo doesn't remember being anywhere other than the valley. He doesn't remember if he was born here, or if he stumbled upon it by accident. He just knows that he can't leave.

The valley is special. Time is strange here. The trees, plants, animals and seasons move by the normal flow, as though the valley was like anywhere else.

But the people are stagnant. Tubbo is sixteen now, and he was sixteen all those years ago.

Outside of the valley, time moves forward. Cities rise and mountains fall, but the valley stays the same, trapped in time.

People will come to the valley every once in a while. Mostly weary travelers, sometimes passing adventures. Tubbo welcomes them and takes them to his home, a cottage by a farm. All tended by himself.

Tubbo has met tired old men searching for a moment of peace, bright eyed adventurers dead set on a quest, and lost wanderers looking for a purpose. All of them have stayed with him until they've decided they are ready to leave again.

Tubbo is sad to see them leave sometimes. A part of the valley's magic makes it impossible to find a second time. He finds himself wondering if Leo ever defeated his dragon, or if Ritz found their hidden treasure.

But it's nice, knowing that he's helped them in their travels. It's a nice life, but it's a lonely one.

He hopes one day, someone will stay.

Many years later, but still sixteen, Tubbo meets another traveler. The boy is exactly that. A boy, just like Tubbo.

He wears a red shirt and carries nothing but a hastily packed bag, a dull sword, and an angry spark in his eyes.

He's run away, he explains when Tubbo takes him to his home. His father is neglecting, constantly favoring his eldest son over his younger two.

"He doesn't care," The boy says angrily. "All I wanted was to be recognized, but he only has eyes for his best kid."

Tubbo smiles and offers the valley as a place for the boy to stay until he is ready to move on.

The boy stays and slowly his anger seeps out of him. He basks in compliments and enjoys helping take care of the farm and the valley. He grows attached to one of Tubbo's cows and names it Henry.

He stays long enough that he begins to notice that he is still miraculously sixteen, despite his prolonged stay. Tubbo has never told anyone about the valley's magic, but he trusts the boy.

Months later, when the boy is happier, more stable, he asks if he can stay permanently.

"It's gotta be lonely here, all by yourself, Tubbo," He reasons. "And besides, you're great to talk to."

Tubbo smiles. He's so used to people telling that they are ready to leave, that he's done enough and they can finally move on. But this time it's different.

Tommy stays.

When travelers come to the valley, they are greeted by two boys. They welcome everyone with open arms and wide grins.

The farm's gardens are always full of bright, fresh foods, grown lovingly by the hand of a boy who looks after them equally, no vegetable being forgotten.

Tommy is loud and energetic and sixteen years old. He's happy staying that way if it means he'll always have someone to talk with.

Hundreds of years later, but still sixteen, Tommy finds an injured boy by the river.

He is covered in cuts and blood stains his purple hoodie a deep maroon. By his side is a razor sharp sword, coated in the sticky scarlet liquid.

The boy is taken back to the cottage where his wounds are seen to, and his sword is cleaned. When the boy wakes up he is wary and untrusting, eyes shifting towards the exits.

He's been trained to kill, they learn. His life has been spent taking hit after hit because he's been taught that money is the highest value in life.

"That's stupid," Tommy huffs after another day of the boy refusing to exit his room. "What sh*t parents told him that? *My* dad was terrible, but I still have a moral compass!"

"Give him time, Toms," Tubbo says gently. "I've seen this before. It'll be alright."

Over time the boy begins to relax. The day he leaves his room to bluntly ask for his sword Tommy grins. Somehow, they manage to convince him to stay longer to heal. The boy reluctantly agrees.

He stays and he learns. He learns that a knife can be used to cut a cake and not a throat. He learns that rope has the use of tying up a fence gate instead of a hostage and that his sword can be used to defend his friends and not just himself.

One morning he asks them to come with him when he throws his old sword into the same river he was found at so it can rust away, the hint of a grin on his face as he tightens the strap of a sword Tommy forged for him over his shoulder.

“I didn’t like it,” He states. “The old one’s not as good at protecting you guys anyways.”

He doesn’t say it out loud, but Tommy and Tubbo tackle him in a hug regardless because they know what he really means.

Purpled stays.

When travelers come to the valley, they are greeted by three boys. They welcome all who come with patience and open ears.

The forests and clearings are free of monsters. You’ll see no skeletons in your peripheral and hear no creepers hissing behind you. There’s a protector keeping them at bay.

Purpled is calm and quiet and sixteen years old. He’s willing to remain so to defend his friends, something he prizes more than any piece of gold.

Thousands of years later, but still sixteen, they are disturbed by a soft knock on the door late at night.

A shy hybrid quietly asks if he can stay the night at their cottage and hide away from the rain. He is tall and wears a suit, his half-and-half monochrome skin contrasting red and green eyes.

He doesn’t have a home, he tells them quietly that night after refusing the offered bed to sleep in. He is run out everywhere he goes due to a heritage he cannot control. To everyone else, he’s a monster.

“That’s not true,” Purpled states roughly as he hands the boy some warm blankets. “And those people are idiots anyways, we don’t care.”

“You’re wrong,” They hear muttered softly through the door after it’s been closed. “You’ll run me out soon, just you wait.”

They don’t. Tubbo makes sure the hybrid knows that the cottage is safe. Tommy loudly proclaims the boy’s abilities as amazing. Purpled quietly promises him that if he really has been followed, he won’t be for very long.

The boy begins to stand straighter, not afraid to stand at full height. He leaves blocks in each of their rooms and is elated when none of them remove them. He lets out his *vroops* without worry of being told off.

He smiles brightly when he shows them the flower garden he’s been planting, the flowers planted to represent each of the valley’s children. It has a small jukebox at the very center,

placed next to a picnic table big enough for four.

“I think I’d like to stay here,” Ranboo says, offering each of the boys a flower. “I’ve never had a home until I came here.”

“You’ll always have one here with us.” Tubbo declares, smiling fondly at the gifted plant.

The four boys sit at the picnic table and watch the sunset over Ranboo’s garden. They don’t say anything when the hybrid lets out a trill of contentment.

Ranboo stays.

When travelers find themselves in the valley, they are greeted by four boys. They welcome anyone whether they be human or hybrid.

The valley is bright and colorful, covered all over in flora of every type imaginable. The boy who planted them doesn’t care what type of flower they are, or how strange some might look. They smell sweet all the same to him.

Ranboo is polite and shy and sixteen years old. He doesn’t care if he’ll stay that way, because he’s free to be himself and knows he will always be accepted for no matter what he may be.

Millions of years later, and still sixteen, Tubbo is not alone anymore.

Four boys, wearing horns and Tshirts and hoodies and suits call the valley home. Time is strange in the valley. The seasons and plants all move to the flow of time.

The people, however, do not. They will remain children forever and run among the forests together as a family of their own making.

Outside the valley, nations will fall and oceans will rise, but inside the valley, time will, for the most part, stand still.

Sometimes people will stop by and stay. Mostly they are explorers or sometimes wandering heroes. Tubbo and his brothers welcome them and take them home, where they all take care of their cottage and farm together.

They have met princes looking for love, treasure hunters looking for riches and medics in search of cures. All of them have stayed until they were ready to leave again.

Sometimes he’s sad to say goodbye. Those who leave the valley will never find it a second time. Every once in a while Tubbo will wonder if Ithei ever saved her kidnapped wife or if Ayden has met his soulmate yet.

But it’s nice. He knows that they’ve helped many people on their travels. And even if those people say goodbye, he isn’t lonely.

Tubbo stays.

End Notes

I wrote this entirely with only one hand while also procrastinating on my other fic that I should have been writing instead, lol

This AU has sort of been bouncing around in my dumb little brain for a while, and so I sort of just spit this fic up in one go to try and get it out hence it's very bad structure

I might (emphasis on the "might") add a bit where some other recognizable characters show up, but thats all *very* hypothetical

Kudos and comments are appreciated, but not necessary, hope you liked it!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!